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THE FIRE SIDE:

A PASTORAL SOLILOQUY.

Hic SECRETUM iter et FALLENTIS ſemita vitæ. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. Hawkins*, at Milton's Head, in *Fleet-ſtreet*.
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LONDON:

PASTORAL SOLILOQUY.

A

FIRE SIDE:

THE

The Bookseller to the Reader.

THERE has been ſent me, by the Penny-poſt, a Copy of a Poem intitled THE FIRE SIDE, *which I have great Reaſon to think authentic: on the Margin were written ſeveral critical Notes by an unknown Hand. The candid Reader, I preſume, will require no further Apology for my thus preſenting him with a more correct Edition, than has hitherto been printed, of this Poem.*

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE

FIRE SIDE:

A

PASTORAL SOLILOQUY.

[1]THRICE happy, who free from Ambition and Pride,
In a rural Retreat, has a quiet FIRE SIDE;
I love my FIRE SIDE, [2] thither let me repair;
And drink a delightful Oblivion of Care.
[3] Oh! when ſhall I 'ſcape to be truly my own,
From the Noiſe, and the Smoke, and the Buſtle of Town.
[4] Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire
From the Pomp and Parade [5] that the Many admire.
Hail ye Woods and ye Lawns, ſhady Vales, ſunny Hills,
And the Warble of Birds, and the Murmur of Rills,
Ye Flow'rs of all Hues that embroider the Ground,
Flocks feeding, or friſking in Gambols around;

[1] Thrice happy.] The Beginning and Concluſion of this Poem ſeems an Imitation, or Parody of that well-known Epode of Horace.——*Beatus ille*, &c. But how properly has the Author changed the Circumſtances? for whereas Horace repreſents only the low Conceptions of a City Uſurer, who propoſes to retire; our Poet expreſſes the Sentiments and Ideas of a great Stateſman, who knows how to enjoy his Retirement.

[2] THERE I LONG TO repair.] The more authentick Copies have THITHER LET ME *repair*.

[3] OH! WHEN SHALL I'SCAPE, &c.] *ô Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam!* HOR. TO BE TRULY MY OWN. *Ut mihi vivam.* HOR. FROM THE NOISE AND THE SMOKE. *Fumum et opes ſtrepitumque Romæ.* HOR. The Poet, whoever he was, ſeems to have been a great Reader of Horace.

[4] Then I live, &c.] Hor. *Nunc* VIVO *et* REGNO *ſimul iſta reliqui,*
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis clamore ſecundo.

[5] That many admire.] Read, *That the Many admire.* οἱ πολλοί. And preſently after, inſtead of, *Hail* the *Woods*, *and* the *Lawns*, &c. We muſt correct, *Hail* ye *Woods and* ye *Lawns*, &c.

Scene

Scene of Joy to behold! [6] Joy, that who would forego,
For the Wealth and the Pow'r that a Court can beſtow?
I have ſaid it at Home, I have ſaid it Abroad,
That the Town is Man's World, but that this is of God;
[7] Here my Trees cannot flatter, Plants nurs'd by my Care
Pay with Fruit or with Fragrance, and incenſe the Air;
[8] Here contemplative Solitude raiſes the Mind,
(Leaſt alone, when alone,) to Ideas refin'd.
Methinks hid in Groves, that no Sound can invade,
Save when Philomel ſtrikes up her ſweet Serenade,
[9] I revolve on the Changes and Chances of Things,
Pitying all who ſubmit to be favour'd by Kings.

Now I paſs with old Authors an indolent Hour,
And reclining at Eaſe turn Demoſthenes o'er.

[6] Joy that who would forego,
For the Wealth and the *Power a Court* can beſtow:] A ſmall Particle has ſlipt out here to the Depravation of the Metre: beſides the Pointing is wrong: we muſt correct.
——Joy that who would forego,
For the Wealth and the *Power* THAT *a Court* can beſtow?

[7] Here my Trees.] Our Remarks above ſhew how much the Author has ſtolen from Horace; and here he is plainly detected of ſtealing from a modern Letter, well known to the polite Reader.

[8] Here contemplative Solitude raiſes the Mind,
Leaſt alone, when alone to Ideas refin'd.] Theſe Verſes thus pointed are *refined* from all manner of Ideas. The Author plainly alludes to that famous ſaying of Scipio mentioned in Cicero, *Nunquam minus ſolus quàm cùm ſolus.* We muſt thus read them,
Here contemplative Solitude raiſes the Mind,
(Leaſt alone, when alone,) to Ideas refin'd. The Conſtruction is, "Raiſes the Mind to refined Ideas."

[9] I reſolve] How this Piece of Nonſenſe got Poſſeſſion of all the printed Copies, we cannot imagine. The MSS. plainly have it, *I revolve.*—A notorious Inſtance this of the Stupidity of all former Editors. For though a great Stateſman in the Country may properly be ſuppoſed to RESOLVE upon CHANCES, yet he cannot with any Propriety be ſaid to RESOLVE upon CHANCES.

Now facetious and vacant, [10] I urge the gay Flaſk
With a Sett of old Friends — who have nothing to aſk;
Thus happy, [11] I reck not of FRANCE nor of SPAIN,
Nor the Balance of Power what Hand ſhall ſuſtain.
The [12] Balance of Power? Ha! till that is reſtor'd,
What ſolid Delight can Retirement afford?
Some muſt be content to be Drudges of State,
That the Sage may ſecurely enjoy his Retreat.
[13] In Weather ſerene, when the Ocean is calm,
It matters not much who preſides at the Helm;
But ſoon as Clouds gather and Tempeſts ariſe,
Then a Pilot there needs, a Man dauntleſs and wiſe.
If ſuch can be found, ſure HE ought to come forth
And lend to the Publick HIS Talents and Worth.
Whate'er Inclination or Eaſe may ſuggeſt,
If the State wants his Aid, he has no Claim to Reſt;
But who is the Man, a bad Game to redeem?

[14] HE whom TURIN admires, who has PRUSSIA's Eſteem,

[10] I NURSE the gay Flaſk.] All the printed Books read, *I* NURSE *the gay Flaſk.* The older MSS. read, *I* URGE *the gay Flaſk.* In ſome one Copy I found it, *I* PUSH *the gay Flaſk.* The printed Copies make the Paſſage direct Nonſenſe. If the Reader can ſubſtitute any better Word we ſhould be glad: but it has been our great Care in all the Emendations here offered to keep as cloſe as poſſible to the Traces of the original Copy.

[11] Thus happy I SEEK not of *France* OR of *Spain.*] Read, I RECK *not of* France NOR *of* Spain, i. e. I value not, I regard not, &c.——*Palmaria emendatio!*

[12] The balance of Power, &c.] Nothing can ſhew more effectually, that however a Perſon may reſolve on Retirement, yet if he find in himſelf Abilities to ſerve the Public, he ought not to indulge his own private Inclinations in Detriment to the public Utility.

[13] In Weather, &c.] *In tranquillo mari quivis navigare poſſit; ubi ſæva orta eſt tempeſtas tum* VIRO *et* GUBERNATORE *opus eſt.* LIVY.

[14] He whom TURIN, &c.] We have no Authority for altering theſe Lines; though we can't help obſerving that they are very turgid and bombaſt.

Whom

Whom the SPANIARD has felt; and whose Iron with Dread
Haughty *LEWIS* saw forging to fall on his Head.
HOLLAND loves him, nor less in the NORTH all the Pow'rs
Court, honour, revere, and the EMPRESS adores.
Hark! what was that Sound? for it seem'd more sublime
Than befits the low Genius of Pastoral Rhyme:
Was it WISDOM I heard? or can Fumes of the Brain
Cheat my [15] Ears with a Dream? Ha! repeat me that Strain,
Yes WISDOM I hear thee; [16] thou deign'st to declare
ME, ME, the sole ATLAS to prop this whole Sphere:
Thy Voice says, or seems in sweet Accents to say,
[17] Haste to save sinking *Britain*;—resign'd I obey;
[18] And O! witness ye Powers, that Ambition and Pride
Have no Share in this Change—FOR I LOVE MY FIRE SIDE.
Thus the SHEPHERD; then throwing his Crook away steals
Direct to St. J—s's and takes up the S—s.

[15] Cheat my EYES, *&c.*] He before says, *Was it Wisdom I* HEARD? we must read therefore, *cheat my* EARS, *&c.* The Editors surely had neither *Eyes*, nor *Ears*.

[16] Thou DEIGN'ST to declare.] The metre leads us here to the undoubted reading, *thou* DEIGN'ST *to declare.* Presently after instead of, THE *whole Sphere:* the better Copies have, THIS *whole Sphere.*

[17] Haste, *and* save.] I have followed the reading of the more authentic Copies, *haste* TO *save.*

[18] Ah, ô!] What a vile Exclamation has hitherto possessed all the printed Books, and how elegantly instead of this base reading—*Ah, ô!* have we restored, *And, ô!* &c.

Thus the Shepherd, *&c.*] These two Lines are introduced *merely* to shew that the whole is intended only as an Imitation or Parody of Horace.

Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam;
Quærit calendis ponere.

FINIS.